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ALONG THE GYPSY TRAIL



Along the Gypsy Trail

A Book of Verse

By

MYRTELLA SOUTHERLAND



1921

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Dedication

To E. A. G.

“Someone To Believe In Me”

Introduction

*“Lady, I thank thee for thy loveliness,”
A poet sang and sweetly long ago
When all his heart a glamour was, aglow
For very love that came to him to bless
And touch him with its perfect happiness.*

*These beauteous words, as music sweet and
low,*

*Echo within my heart for I, too, know
That gratitude as dear as a caress.*

*I thank thee for the loveliness that lies
Within thy kindly spirit, for thy smile
Upholding me the happy livelong day;
For all the beauty of that Paradise
We too divine and rest in all the while,
For every lovely dream upon the way.*

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ALONG THE GYPSY TRAIL

LET's go a-gypsying across the world!

Some golden morn beyond the roseate gleam
Of early dawn, earth's blossoms all impearled

With dew, let's take the trail to song and
dream!

O my beloved, to a sunny land

We'll fare across the beauty of the hills,
The greening vales, and there we'll understand
Through light and laughter and our gypsy
wills

What joy earth has in store for us who love!

We'll see the evening star fade into dreams,
We'll watch the dawn break splendidly above
The mountain tops, the valleys and the
streams.

Aye, languidly our caravan will go

Along the lowland rivers, through the dells

And, gypsy-like, before the Sun is low

We'll call upon him for his wonder-spells
To make us see with eyes how brightly keen

The beauties of the trail, the splendor, too,
Enveloping the hillsides and the green,

Soft, daisied meadows 'neath the sky of blue.
O darling, clearly then you'll see my face

And read its tenderness the long sweet way,
As ne'er before its pure love you may trace
As lilies on the lake at dawn of day.

Ah, Romany shall be our song and name

And for the wonder of a mystic sign
The rose shall be our own and for our fame,

Our wealth and glory only the divine
Sweet right of loving all the summer through,

Faring through all the fragrance of the way
Together, dear, how happy, glad and true—

Smelling the perfume of the new-mown hay!
I think that I could even beg for you
In wondrous pleading of my two dark eyes

Or steal from cornfields in the early dew
And roast the fresh young ears, yes, gypsy-wise.

The afternoon beside you I would dream—
Of course our gold we should have cast away—

And silver trout we'd lure from out the stream
To broil across the coals at close of day.

The sunset, dear, beyond the farthest hills,
What happiness to view it at my side

And drink good-night from little rippling rills !
O just to hear you call me, love, your bride
Were music sweet ! Then cedar boughs we'd bring

For our soft bed, the sky with stars impearled,—

O love, dear Love, this song alone I sing,
“Let's go a-gypsying across the world !”

You do not know me, O my dear, at all
In this conventional and distant clime !

We cannot understand our spirit's call

And all the wonder of our dreaming time,
So far away as oft, it seems, we're thrown,

You in your little corner, I in mine,
Each buried in the task that is his own,

And so we miss the height of the divine.
Our dreams, we'll let them mount unto the skies

And, like a rocket in its light unfurled,
Burst into rainbow, make us gay and wise.

Let's go a-gypsyng across the world!

You have a gypsy heart and so have I,

Loving earth's beauty every radiant hour.
Let's be renewed! Our youth, it must not die.

Too, we have need of all our strength and
power,

And this, my own, we'll find—you know the
Day—

Out in God's sweet fresh air and sun and
shine!

Let's take the old, the lyric gypsy way
And have a new experience divine.

Ah, we'll return, my sweetheart, you and I,
Sun-kissed and brown and happy without fail!
Let's go a-wandering, love, beneath the sky
Along the beautiful, the gypsy trail.

SOMEONE TO BELIEVE IN ME

“SOMEONE to believe in me,”

What a happy song to sing,

Full of joy and melody

As the birds upon the wing

In the Maytime, soaring high

Toward the lovely turquoise sky!

All the world is brighter then;

Cheered, we seek the goal again.

“Someone to believe in me,”

What we thought was failure seems

Just a step to victory

On the pathway to our dreams.

Soon a nobler purpose springs

In the heart of him who sings

Words like these, sustaining, sweet,

With encouragement replete.

“Someone to believe in me,”
Who would falter by the way,
O who could discouraged be
With such joy as this to stay,
Strengthen him, sustain and lift?
Isn’t this a perfect gift,
Better far than gold to send
To uphold a faithful friend?

“Someone to believe in me,”
O this phrase with joy impearled,
Full of strength, sincerity,
Is the sweetest in the world!
Faults will fade and noble creeds
Touch the heart to splendid deeds.
All the world transformed must be
With “Someone to believe in me,”

TO THOSE I HOLD MOST DEAR

WHEN all the years have gathered round the
gladness of my heart

And I shall know it's nearly time from this life
to depart

To fairer realms and greater tasks, may no re-
gret be near

For love withheld or joy denied those whom I
hold most dear!

I want to have, O all my days, no selfishness to
rue

And know I freely gave my praise, my fond
affection, too,

To those who mean the most to me, dear hearts
I'm dreaming of,

I want to feel I gave my all of laughter, light
and love!

And so though I may know regret for this or
that I've done,
That little tasks I brushed aside, nor greater
goals were won,
Still I shall be most happy when my last sweet
hours are here
If I have given of my best to those I hold most
dear.

AWAKENING

My heart first woke to Music.

O Beauty, then you came!

Soon all the world was sunshine
Because I heard your name.

Now Music overwhelms me
While Beauty holds me long,
But You, because I love You,
You waken me to Song!

MY NEED OF YOU

THE earth has need of April rain
To wake the flowers from idle dreams;
The chanting, gushing springs again
Must come to aid the mountain streams.

The roses need the sunbeams warm
To make them flourish, bud and bloom;
Then later through the winter's storm
The snow protects them in the tomb.

The darkened night has need of stars,
Of crescent moon and fairies gay,
And O without the glinting bars
Of sunshine saddened is the day!

But more than all this need of things
For chosen loveliness and true,—
Of which my spirit ever sings,
Is my eternal need of you.

I need the quiet words you say
To make my path an upward trail;
I need your smiles along the way,
Without your kindness would I fail.

Your love so pure and sweet I crave;
Your ideals, high as heaven's above.
From hour to hour, from birth to grave
How great my need of you, O love!

BECAUSE YOU PASSED MY WAY

I AM as happy as a summer's day
Because you passed my way.

As happy am I as the day is long
Because I hear your song.

As happy shall I be through all the year
Because you will be near.

SOMETIMES I SING A SONG

SOMETIMES I sing a song
For one I honor well,
But O I cannot reach
The wonder of his spell!

I have no wisdom great,
Mine is no studied art;
I only have the dreams
That lie within my heart.

And so I hope he will
Give pardon when I fail;
I, in my simple songs,
Seek, too, the Holy Grail.

THERE WILL BE GLADNESS

THERE will be gladness this happy new year,
There will be dreams that are fairer than all;
There will be little of trouble to fear,
We shall have blessings, whatever befall.

New friends will brighten the way and the old
Still will grow dearer, new strength will be
ours;

New hopes will come with their joys to unfold,
Paths will be sweetened with sunshine and
flowers.

There will be laughter on lips that we love,
There will be smiles to endear and to charm;
There will be rainbows and starlight above,
Guidance to help us and keep us from harm.

Answer to prayer shall be ours and desire,
Not one may turn from his hope in despair;

Rest there shall be for the soul who may tire,
Skies will be cloudless and all will be fair.

This is the faith we must harbor and hold,
This is the joy that should rest in the heart.
Life holds a promise that's brighter than gold—
Ours but to trust and to do well our part!

APRIL'S HERE

Daffodils,
Greening hills;
Bright and clear,
April's here.

Larks a-wing
Soar and sing;
Rain or shine,
April's fine.

Lilac blooms
And perfumes
Now are near—
April's here.

NOW AS I WALK WITH YOU

Now as I walk with you earth's flowery ways,
The thought comes, "May I never fail your
heart
Or give you any reason for distress!"
O may I give you all my tender praise
And keep you always! Only death may part
Dear friends who know such trust and hap-
piness.

SWEET REWARD

FRIENDSHIP means, to say the least, something
glad to make the day

Brighter, for it's very like sunshine on our
happy way.

When there comes the time that we, in the rush
of many things,

Miss the faces that we love, something swift and
eager springs

Deep within the heart to say, "I must see my
friend today!"

Then, it's strange but O it's true, as you think
of her or him

With that smile upon your face no rush of af-
fairs can dim,

Very likely at your door there's the old familiar
ring.

How your heart leaps and at once all the world
begins to sing!

O that hour holds something fine, that's the hour
for yours and mine!

“Love and friendship,” simple words, but how
beautiful and bright,

Linked together as they are in a welding of
delight!

Life in all its varied change swiftly moves but
for our sake,

Though the lovelier it grows, here's a tie that
cannot break.

So in life, its deeds and dreams, here is sweet
reward, it seems.

THE TEMPLE

I BUILT a temple for my soul,
So high it towered into the blue,
And every brick, a noble thought,
I garnered from the heart of you.

O how to light the temple fair
And beautiful as paradise?
A lamp I then beheld, ah me,—
It was the love in your blue eyes!

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS FAITH

How beautiful is faith from day to day,
Ah, perfect faith in life and all it brings:
Bright hopes, fond dreams for which the
spirit sings,

Faith in the friends that bloom along the way
Like roses sweet, the friends who kindly say
The truths we need, a thought to give us
wings,

Upholding us—the lovely, lovely things,
Birds, blossoms, bees, the golden gifts of May!

O let us keep above all else this true
Dear faith of ours in men and all things fair!
Would we not rest in sweet belief that
naught

Of pain may come to hide our skies of blue
For long? Yes, let us laugh at doubt and care
And be what we would be in deed and
thought.

FAITH, AND STANDARDS HIGH

To keep our standards high from day to day,
To win perfection at the journey's end,
To see the glad things as the road we wend
Across the world or just the short, sweet way
That leads to home, ah, to the roundelay
Of endless song! A little gift to send,
A book, a flower, a letter to a friend,
And keep our own soul's trust—O this is May!

May of the spirit, love! To keep our faith
With men and year in year to measure up
To their high hope for us and gladden, too,
A few dear lives—so shall we e'en greet death
With smiles, and deem it not a bitter cup.
But let me surely keep my faith with you!

WHEN YOU ARE SMILING

WHEN you are smiling, O life seems
Most wonderful in song and dreams !
No matter where I turn I see
The happy things and then to me
Come swiftly winging on their way
From sunny lands and far Cathay
The sweetest songs heart ever heard
In vocal or the printed word.

When all is joy with you and bliss,
It's like the wonder of a kiss
That takes away in sweetness all
Save that which makes life beautiful ;
For when you're happy so am I,
Life dances on in melody,
But when your peace has fled away
I walk with Sorrow all the day.

There is a harmony of heart
That knows and feels and plays its part
So well, though even distance lie
Between us, still it cannot die;
And so in all our day's employ
Let's fill our happy hearts with joy
That we uphold whom we love best
And give the world our loveliest!

LIFE WELL WORTH THE LIVING

LIFE is well worth the happy living of it
And sweet reward it brings us all the way
Until it seems we truly grow to love it
And cherish it more dearly day by day.
How many are the pleasures of its bringing
That fill our hearts with happiness and mirth!
How beautiful the song it's ever singing,
The truth that lights us o'er the paths of
earth!

Sometimes so full of promise and of beauty
Its moments are that we are hushed and
thrilled
And even in the simplest little duty
Our throbbing hearts with thankfulness are
filled.
Such lovely moments very often follow

The greeting of a comrade, hand in hand,
When like a bird across the hill and hollow
We fly to find true hearts who understand.

And often, too, this swift exhilaration
Comes to us wholly for remembrance dear,
Some hour lived over in our meditation,
That brought us gladness, some sweet yester-
year.

But many things there are beside affection
That bring the glow that lights the very soul
And send us singing on in the direction
In which we shall attain the longed-for goal.

There is the hour of study which has brought us
New visions and new dreams and new desires
That in the meshes of their lure have caught us
And held us awed before immortal fires.

There is the thrill, the glow of high attainment,
The gratitude some service we could give
Else were our souls crushed sadly in arraign-
ment.

There is the happy hope whereby we live.

The hope, the trust, the knowledge sweet unfolding

Of world beyond bright World, of Souls Divine

That wait for our new sight, our Fresh Beholding,

O faithful friend! O comrade! Sweetheart mine!

From hence we go, spurred on to new endeavor,
Rewarded well with all the heart could crave.

Ah, life is worth the living, yes, forever,

From birth to Birth beyond the shining grave!

LET'S BE EASY ON EACH OTHER

LET's be easy on each other !

When you think I've failed, just say,
“What do I know of her burdens
Or her struggles on the way?”
Keep your faith in me whatever
Is the moment's high employ,
Or its sheaf of sorrows darkly
Overshadowing the joy.

Let's be easy on each other !

If that kindly note should go
From your voice, I'll say, and gently,
“All his cares I do not know,
But I'll be so true and steadfast
And so well I'll play my part
Something of my joy will reach him
And renew his troubled heart.”

Let's be easy on each other!

What are we to judge, indeed?

Let's be happy all together,

Answering to every need!

Then the world will be all sunshine,

Understanding all the while,

And we'll catch life's fleeting beauty,

Love and laughter, song and smile.

SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE we just remember
The sweetness and the light,
The charm and golden beauty,
The wonder and the bright
Dear things of life and ever
Go over them and o'er
And then upon the sorrows
Just smile and close the door !

TRYST

THE daffodils are calling me,
The clover blossom and the bee
But, love, it's only, only thee
Calling, calling.

O take to him this tender word,
That all my heart with love is stirred
For him, and tell him, little bird,
I'm coming, coming !

Out in the fields where all is green
And beautiful and sweet and clean,
Where fairies dance through all the scene
I'll meet him, meet him.

BROOKSIDE

O I WOULD lie upon my wide green lawn beneath
the cherry tree,

All white with blossoms, and just let the robins
warble down to me,

The sunshine kiss my laughing face
Out in that happy dwelling-place!

Wouldn't I love to bury, too, down in the arbor-
vitae trees

My face for all their fragrance sweet, and dance
to springtime's melodies,

But eyes are all along the way
Seeking the commonplace of day.

Ah well, I know another home, its lawns are
green and wide and deep,

And rolling fields lead to the brook where I could
lie and fall asleep,

And not a soul would know or care
If robins nestled in my hair!

Beneath its towering trees of pine beyond the
library I might
Do as I pleased, secluded there, close to the
road, in long delight.

O "Brookside," with your guards of pine,
Some day, I think, I'll claim you mine!

And there my friends shall come and we will
drop our cares; just like a child
I dream each happy heart will sing in freedom
sweet and young and wild,
And with my closer dear ones, too,
I'll find rich beauty fresh and new.

Its hospitality will call glad strangers from the
winding road
And we will find new strength and joy within
my welcoming abode;
The gratefires in the glowing fall
Will burn to welcome each and all.

Just at the turning of the road, the first breath
of the country way,
You'll find me with my laughing heart awaiting
 you some summer day.
O we'll grow young and glad and wise
And play it is true paradise !

SHELTER

THUNDERS may roll above my head
And lightnings flash incessantly,
But I am housed within your love,
A shelter builded over me,
And nothing born of earth or sky
Can touch my glad heart with a sigh.

REALIZATION

SOMETIMES there comes to us the fullest sense
 Of gratitude for hearts we dearly prize,
Rare fellowships that bring sweet recompense
 For every grief beneath the sunny skies.
The smiles that hover on our lips are fled
 In poignant understanding just how deep
That feeling lies, how dearly cherishèd
 Is that rich beauty which the soul may reap.

When such a feeling takes possession dear
 Of all my heart in some still hour of rest,
Life's deepest meaning is made brightly clear
 And at this shrine, of all earth's loveliest,
I kneel and pray that year in happy year
 Our love be newly and divinely blest.

SILENCE AND SONG

I LISTEN for the silence
All sweet with May and spring
But nowhere can I find it
For happy birds that sing.

I'd worship you in silence
Sweet as hushed holy things
But in my heart forever
Love sings and sings and sings.

A MIRACLE

I KNOW it was a miracle
That brought us two together
To find our joy here, side by side,
Through bright or stormy weather.

O you remember it was May,
My little song resuming;
The fragrant shower and then the sun
And all the world was blooming.

I know right well it was no chance
Of fate or Maytime weather,
But O it was a miracle
That brought us two together!

DAWNING LOVE

If we two are to know at all
The beauty of a dawning love,
O let it be in silence sweet
Of earth below and sky above
Before the singing birds come home
From that far, dreaming, lyric south;
And listen to this word of mine,
Lay not a kiss upon my mouth
Nor touch me with that hand of yours,—
But in your eyes I would not mind
If there a tender song of love
Some golden moment I should find!

WEAVE IT ALL OF DREAMS

If you long for love that lasts,
Plan no starry tryst,
Let the hours pass by in dreams,
Golden and unkissed.

If you long for love that stays
And will understand,
Only glance into Love's eyes,
Barely touch his hand.

If you long for love that grows
More and more, it seems,
Radiant and beautiful,
Weave it all of dreams !

A SONG OF YOUTH

You stood before me, fine and strong
And handsome in your glowing youth;
Your voice was like a clarion song
And you a trumpeter of truth.

A god you seemed from ancient hours
Upon the hills beside the sea
And I, a goddess, wore the flowers
You wove, a garland just for me.

We two there at the height of May,
Both children of a modern time,
Yet harking back unto the day
Of early flowing Grecian rhyme!

ENCHANTMENT

INSISTENTLY and sweet the woodlands call—
Through all the old loved tasks I hear the
song
Which, as I listen, holds me in its thrall.
O, I must follow, well I know, ere long !
And, as I walk, the bobolink will spring
Up from the flowery hillsides and the grass
Of meadows, wind-caressed, to soar and sing
As I, enraptured, smiling, onward pass.

The incense of sweet clover speaks to me
The adoration of the radiant earth
That lifts its face to fair infinity
For joyfulness, tranquillity and worth ;
For beauty both of loveliness unseen,
Unknown as thought beyond glad thought will
lie,

And loveliness beheld, the blue between
The fleecy snowdrifts of the summer sky.

E'en as the earth holds in her fond embrace,
Wherever shimmering stream and lake abide,
The mirrored sky, so I behold your face—
In spirit you are walking by my side;
At sweet returning and at close of day
And through the night, dear, wide-eyed as I
rest,
And in my dreams the thought of you alway
Is mirrored in my heart and I am blest.

STARS IN YOUR WIDE BLUE HEAVEN

STARS in your wide blue heaven,
What do you dream of, pray?
What is the shining vision
Keeping you till the day?

Are you so rapt in watching
Over my sweetheart's face,
Just as the Star of olden
Over the Manger's Grace?

LOVE SONG

THE roses fade and droop and die,
Their petals falling by the score,
When June drifts into warm July,
We see their beauty then no more.

The sunset in the distant west,
That opal glimmering and glow,
Fades all too soon with eve and rest.
Ah, that its beauty had to go!

But O the love I bear for you,
More beautiful than any sky,
Than any rose, my love so true,
Will never fade and cannot die!

WHEN YOU NEED ME

When you call me
I will follow
Over hill and
Vale and hollow
With the swift wings
Of the swallow.

Call me in the
Happy Maytime,
In the balmy
Fragrant haytime !
Too soon passes
All our playtime.

When you need me
And would borrow
Strength to aid through
Joy or sorrow,

Beckon only,
“Dear, tomorrow!”

When you breathe my
Name, I hear you.
With my love and
Faith to cheer you,
O believe I’m
Ever near you!

WHY AM I SLEEPLESS?

WHY am I sleepless? Ah, where's the repose,
Sweet as a petal that falls from the rose,
To touch my eyes softly the long night through?
Why am I sleepless? I'm thinking of you.

THE MAGIC OF SPRING.

THERE's something magical about the spring
To wake our hearts to gladness more than all
The happy year. Is it the robin's call
As on the branch he now begins to sing
With such rejoicing in his caroling?
The golden glint of sunbeams as they fall,
The crocus blooming by the garden wall,
The daffodil, the blue-bird on the wing?

All these, but most of all within the soul
The magic lies; a spell to make us see
The world reborn in beauty out of pain,
A song to make us happy, gay and whole,
Something to set our prisoned fancies free,
Bidding us hope and smile and dream again.

STEPHANO

O STEPHANO, he loves to go out where the winds
are straying,

His organ strapped upon his back, and with his
happy playing

Charm all the little children's lives as laugh-
ingly they follow

His music gay across the hills and through the
vale and hollow!

O Stephano, he loves to go where villages are
lying

In all their rare content and joy and, like a wild
bird flying,

Bring to the children carols sweet while Beppo
takes each penny

Or, lifting up his crimson cap, bows if there
aren't any.

O Stephano, he loves to go where streets are
winding gaily

Down to their end for little girls and boys that
follow daily!

He tosses Beppo balls to catch and now and then
a cherry

That funny little creature eats, as round as any
berry.

O Stephano, he loves to go and play his organ
sweetly

For shut-ins by their windows, who are happy
there completely

While Beppo turns his cart-wheels odd and all
the children clearly

Are charmed with this quaint organ man, the
pet that he loves dearly!

O Stephano, I'd love to go an afternoon in
summer

Like you and charm the children dear, each
happy little comer.

The golden sun, the fresh green lawns, the
laughter and the glee, sir,

The music on the sweet, warm air — ah, these
appeal to me, sir !

O Stephano, where'er you go in sunshine and
bright weather,

May hosts of little children gay and you laugh
on together !

Pray take my wishes, sir, along to them upon
your way, sir;

And, Stephano, before you go, you're just a bit
of May, sir !

COUNTRY SKIES

SOME love the lure of cities
And all their rush and din,
The noise and strife,
For city life
Is where they would begin
To toil for fame and fortune,
For honor, gold and pelf,
But country skies
And melodies
And one can be himself !

A day out in the meadows
Beneath the forest trees,
The river's edge
And man may pledge
His faith there at his ease;
He learns with deeper insight

Life's blessings here and now
And clearly sees
Its mysteries
Solved on the Summer's brow.

He takes his fishing tackle
And baits again the hook
And lies to dream
Beside the stream,
Or a familiar book
He reads there at his leisure,
And ponders for a day
What he loves best
And takes a rest
The good old-fashioned way.

A day out in the open
Beneath the country skies
Beside a pool
Where all is cool
And life's in fairest guise
Is just what you have need of

To make you glad and whole.

O why not go

Out there and know

Rich joy of heart and soul?

KEEP THE DREAM

THROUGH all to love and keep the dream
That haunts the soul with high emprise !
What matter though the hours may seem
To pass in such a varied guise ?
Through all to hold more precious far
Than gold or any shimmering star
The hope which bids us still to strive
And keep that dream we love alive !

Fair fields are blooming past the gate
That bars us for a little while
Away from all their beauty ; wait
And soon we shall be free to smile
And claim their loveliness as ours.
We'll walk through all those brilliant flowers
And wonder at impatience shown,
So soon these blessings are our own.

Through all to keep and love the dream
That haunts the soul with tasks to do,
Through little things that always seem
To take our time and talent, too!
To keep the dream and love it well
And say beneath its starry spell
“One thing, at least, each day I’ll try
To make success and dreams come nigh!”

Our highest hopes God-given are
And shine before us day and night
Like to the sun and evening star
To guide us with their hallowed light.
O keep their beauty all through life!
This is the purpose of the strife,
Through effort to attain an end,
So keep the dream, and win, my friend!

TIME TO RISE UP, SMILING

TIME to rise up, smiling,
Time to hope and plan;
Time for thought and action
And to say, “I can!”

IT'S LOVE

It's love that gives me strength, my dear,
And joy along the way;
There's nothing else I know, my dear,
To brighten so the day.

It's love that gives me heart, my dear,
To laugh at every care;
It's love that gives me hope, my dear,
And drives away despair.

It's love that gives us courage, dear,
To follow out the plan
God holds for us to give us cheer
And help our fellow man.

THE BLUE-BIRD'S ON THE WING

Ah love, the blue-bird's on the wing again,
Flies like a dart from towering tree to tree,
Dips low and sweeps the happy heart of me
Up to the sky and bids me sing again
For all the beauty of the spring again
We two have loved with bird and bloom and
bee,
And all the wonder of its sorcery,
Song after song that it will bring again.
Sorrow has fled and Fairy Joy once more
Beckons and laughs and lures me as of old
Out to the hills and brooks, the meadow lea
And promises the splendor of her store,
Increased, enriched unto a thousand fold
If only you will smile and dream with me !

MAYTIME HAPPINESS

THE green is in the maple trees
And the cherry trees are white,
The plum tree is a beauty now
And the peaches a delight;
It's the time of all the seasons
When the world is at its best
For its delicate, bright blossoms—
It's the month that's loveliest.

In a day or two the lilacs
Will be blooming on the bough
And the world will be more fragrant
And more beautiful than now;
There are daffodils of yellow
And the tulips, looking up,
In my garden beds remind me
Of the saucy buttercup.



There, I must once more be faring
To the woodlands wild and free,
Where the dells are like a picture
And as fragrant as can be;
I must take my faithful collie,
With his wonderful brown eyes
Telling me how he enjoys it,
For a walk beneath the skies.

O we know the wooded meadows
South of town, the Valley way
On the north in all its beauty,
Where the little children play;
There's the college grove, the campus
In the summertime and, too,
We've the friendly Raisin river
With its beauty ever new.

What a happy thing forever
Is the Maytime when we fare
Through earth's fragrant blooming wonder,
Not a doubt and not a care,

Thanking God for every blessing,
Gaining courage for the strife,
Smiling sweetly to remember
Every perfect gift of life!

WHEN LILACS BLOOM

WHEN lilacs are in blossom and the air
Is sweet with their perfume and birds a-wing
Carol of youth and all the joy of spring,
And everything is fresh and very fair,
O that's the time to lose your weight of care,
For privilege of living laugh and sing
And to all sweetness of remembrance cling,
The time to think and dream, to do and dare !

The sun and stars shine on more brilliantly
And new-found joy is with us more and more
In this, the hour of laughter, song and lyre ;
New power is given to the soul to see
The happy things of life and to explore
The uplands leading to the heart's desire.

THE HEART OF MY FRIEND

God must have made thy heart a treasure-hold
 Of loveliness, for therein, friend, I see
Much that is beautiful and bright as gold
 That daily brings rich happiness to me.
How pure the joy there reigning all the time
 With sympathy and understanding dear,
But more than all I honor its sublime
 High purpose, its great ideals year in year.

How happy am I that this treasure-trove
 Includes no dross of cheapening alloy,
The little faults that might estrange my love
 And darken all the wonder of my joy!
O friend of mine, whose true worth nothing
 mars,
In thee my soul is lifted to the stars!

O COME WITH ME AND BEAUTY KNOW

O come with me and beauty know,
'Tis Maytime and the world's a-glow!
How lovely all the earth about!
The lilac blooms are peeping out
And there's a fragrance on the air
To woo us from the realm of care
And all our sorrows to destroy—
This is the isle of perfect joy!

The cherry trees are all in white,
The symbol of their glad delight.
The robins chirp and seem to sing
Of scarlet cherries that will cling
Unto the branches now in flower
In just the passing of an hour.
This is the time when dreams come true
For you and me—for me and you.

The peach trees with their rosy glow
Are loveliest of all, you know,
So delicate and such a hue!

Now is the spirit born anew
And every heart throbs to a song;
New hope is born to make us strong,
New inspiration floods the soul
And whispers of the cherished goal.

The apple orchards all are sweet
With fragrance and 'tis here we meet
The spring with smiles; here we confess
Our simple world's fresh loveliness.

Yes, come with me, we'll be as one
Though never here beneath the sun
Have I known you—have you known me.
Ah, for that dear discovery!

THE SPRING

“TRICKLE, trickle, trickle,” hear it softly sing,
How I love to listen to the bubbling spring!
Always glad and happy, jubilant and gay,—
Little, but it’s flowing swiftly on its way.

“Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,” how it laughs all
through
Days of summer, looking to the skies of blue!
Doesn’t get discouraged, laughs and lilted along
To the mighty river with its merry song.

“Ripple, ripple, ripple,” never stops all day,
Calls out to its comrades all along the way
“What a world of beauty, shade and summer
sun!”—

Working, laughing, singing till its goal is won.

THE CHANGELESS

THERE's one thing I have noticed day by day
As I go faring through the verdant bowers
Of loamy woods to gather fragrant flowers
And that is this, along our happy way,
How little do we change! The same bright ray
Of hope sustains us. Through the busy hours
The soul responds to the familiar powers
Of the same joys, desires and moods of play.

How happy am I that I always find
Old friendships sweet, yes, dearer year in
year,
Old loves still lovely and more beautiful
As time goes by, with kind hearts just as kind,
Upholding us in times of doubt and fear
And even a radiance in the dutiful!

THAT WHICH YOU ADORE

“That which you adore unfolds for you.”

W. L. C.

AH, that which you adore unfolds for you
In wondrous beauty and in light and song!
The skies above you gleam more brightly blue
When love has come for something sweet and
strong,
Nobility of purpose or of plan,
A vision lovelier, more perfect art,
A glimpse into the brotherhood of man,
The fragrant path unto another's heart.

Because we love a thing the Law attracts
It nearer to us day in happy day
And every deed born of our worship acts
Like some great magnet to draw things our
way.

How subtle is the sense we are adored!

How beautiful may be unfolding truth,
The magic of the universe restored
Unto the heart of laughter and of youth!

Ah, that which you adore unfolds for you!

Light-heartedly with Pan through all the
spring,
In perfect gladness as your dreams come true,
What lyric wonder you will find to sing!

Because of my dear adoration, love,
For you I know new beauty will unfold
And, like a star that hovers high above,
Reveal to us its heart of gleaming gold.

I SAW IT IN YOUR FACE

I saw it in your face,
The wonder and the light
Which love must ever trace,
So beautifully bright.

No heart of all that crowd
Blithe, gay and debonair,
Could dream that e'en aloud
You claimed me then and there.

But O I knew it, I
With you in that fair place,
That love had come for aye—
I saw it in your face.

WHEN MAY PEEPS THROUGH THE
GRASSES

It's such a happy time o' year with loving
friends about you

And not a care to trouble you and not a soul to
doubt you,

When all the trees are leafing out and robins,
too, are singing,

With hosts of little feathered friends their
homeward journey winging.

It's such a happy season when new joys are
ours for winning,

When garden beds are planted and the flowers
are just beginning

Way back there in the seed to grow as human
love and laughter

From little seeds we're sowing now and shall
in the hereafter.

It's such a wondrous hour, indeed, when all the
woods are waking

To little songs that here and there their happy
way are making

Across the meadows and the hills, through
grasses sweet and clover.

O such a happy time to walk with comrade,
friend, or lover!

The springtime is the fairest time, we make a
wonder of it,

Rich beauty after winter's grey, how could we
help but love it?

And so for blossom, bird or bee, for romping
lads and lasses

It's such a happy time o' year when May peeps
through the grasses.

REVELATION

CAN it be the sweetest story is the story unrevealed?

Is it true the rarest garden is the garden far a-field?

Even heaven is the fairer that its glory is concealed?

COMPANIONSHIP

With beauty all our days are brightly blessed
Who know the loveliness that never ends
In glad companionship, when heaven sends
Us comrades true and, at the soul's behest,
The kindred hearts we love. Ah, life is dressed
In colors fair as Autumn's as she wends
Her way down olden paths, to treasure friends
Thus happily, and we are at our best!

For friendship opens many a door unseen
And leads to lands of pure delight as well
We might have missed, explains the little
things
That make life dearer, the soul we might have
been
Or yet can be and casts a golden spell
About us till the spirit sings and sings.

AMICITIA

THERE's something deep and tender, true and sweet

In friendship that has never been defined,
A beauty fairer far, unto our mind,
Than full-blown roses blooming on the street
Of summer morns, when zephyrs faint and fleet
Blow softly by; an understanding kind
Which in no other realm the heart may find,
Sustaining strength with endless joy replete.

Ah, who shall sing or who interpret here
That fullness of our faith in friendship found,
Or who shall chant in tender notes and clear
The rich, the pure devotion, the profound
And deep regard for those we hold most dear,
Unless from Love's own voice the song re-sound!

ABSENCE

DEAR one, the miles of space,
When we believe,
Are but a trysting place,
Where we receive
Love that, on angels' wings,
Yearns to relieve.

BECAUSE YOU LOVED ME

Because I knew you long ago
And that high purpose of your soul
Inspiring me to delve and grow,
I kept my eyes upon the goal.

Because the heart of you was sweet,
Because your tender smile is mine
In memory, life is complete
And every passing day divine.

Because you loved me, more than all,
I'll try to find that bit of praise
Within my heart, whate'er befall.
God love and keep you all your days!

MAY, YOU'RE SINGING

MAY, you're singing as you're swinging
Through the forest green,
And your laughter follows after
In the woodland scene.

Are you dreaming of the gleaming
In your sweetheart's eyes
As you're dancing and advancing
To your melodies?

May, I follow, hill and hollow,
And I'm singing, too,
Through the clover of my lover
And his eyes of blue.

THE GREATEST BOON

WERE I to ask the greatest boon in life, the fairest gift,

The inspiration of its joy, its strength to cheer and lift,

I'd search my heart in tenderness to answer,
“Only this,

Of one I cherish, friendship true and all my days were bliss!”

Were I to crave a jewel rare, more beautiful to prize

Than any gem that ever shone beneath the sunny skies,

I should not ask for treasure from the Indies or an isle

Of buried gold but only this, a friend's regard and smile.

Or sought I heaven on the earth, as, truly,
friend, I do,
In your companionship I'd find that bright
Elysium, too;
Were I to lose life's choicest gift, I know that it
would be
To find the garden of your heart a desert land
to me.

FRIENDSHIP HELPS THE WORLD

FRIENDSHIP helps the world along,
Wakes to dreams and golden deeds,
Touches every heart to song,
Answers all our simple needs;
Friend, you understand with me
Life is beauty, full of grace,
And its loveliness I see
When I look into your face.

SUMMER AND JUNE

SINGING a song, dear, and humming a tune
Bring me the nearer to summer and June;
Hearing you speak in the voice that I love,
This is the gladness I'm e'er dreaming of.

Seeing you smile on your pathway of flowers,
Watching your grace in the sweet summer
hours,

Touching your hand as it steals over mine,
Here is a breath of the summer divine.

Tell me again of your love deep and true.
O here's the song that will keep my sky blue!
Love, what is better or dearer than this,
Save it were touching your lips with a kiss?

CARESS

How sweet the tender ways of love,
The little things we dearly prize,
But sweetest in the world to me—
That fond caress within your eyes !

WITHOUT LOVE

WHAT would the world be like, my dear,
If love in all its phases,
Its simple songs, its kindly words,
Its tender looks and phrases
Were stolen far away to be
A new world's gladness?
All of sadness
Our days would seem to you and me,
Sadness.

What would the sunny mornings be
Without your sparkling laughter,
The lyric noons, the twilights sweet,
The long nights following after,
If love were taken from our dreams?
Today, tomorrow
All of sorrow
Life then would be, or so it seems,
Sorrow.

I HAVE MADE MY HOME SWEET

I HAVE made my home sweet for the dear
thought of you,

I have gathered bright roses all fresh with the
dew;

I have placed them in vases about all the rooms
For here it is, darling, my love for you blooms.

There are pink ones where softly my music I
play,

There are white ones where morning receives
me at day;

There are red ones for love in the room where
I write

And dream of you, dearest, from morning till
night.

LET'S BUILD A LITTLE ALTAR

LET's build a little altar
And kneel at break of day
Before the task, beloved,
Then go upon our way;
For such a bright beginning
Will surely help along
And wake our world to beauty
Of melody and song!

CONSTANCY

THE roses bloom in summer hours
And naught as beautiful is seen;
They blossom in earth's fragrant bowers,
Rich colors lifting o'er the green,
But soon—too soon—these petaled flowers
Fade gently from the glowing scene.

O all my dreams are fair as they,
As bright and beautiful they are
As roses lighting up the way
Or yonder hallowed evening star,
Yet may they shine on endlessly
And naught their radiant beauty mar!

May I be constant, may I hold
And keep my sunny dreams all bright!
O may I treasure all their gold
And all their beauty and delight
Until I die, till I grow old
And fare into the lovely night!

SPEAKING OF EYES

SPEAKING of eyes, O forget not the grey!
These are sincerest and truest, they say.
How I have loved them, ah yes, and have seen
Here are the pure and the strong and the clean.

Back of them shine the ideals of the soul
Making us happy, contented and whole;
Here there is nothing but sweetness and light,
Dreams that are lovely and hopes that are
bright.

So as I journey along on my way,
Here is my greeting, as well, to the grey;
Here are the comrades, the dear ones and
friends
Heaven in its goodness and verity sends.

EVER YOUR FRIEND

“EVER your friend,” she wrote, “Ever your friend,”—

O, it seemed then it was the fairest thing
That could be phrased! It was a song to sing,
And while upon life’s happy way I wend
’Tis often on my lips. It will defend
My heart from grief and like a jeweled ring
Bind me with joy and happiness to cling
And make me brave and glad until the end.

O life, you’ve brought me many gifts, I know,
But this was very, very fair to me
And at your feet in gratitude I say,
“What if I fail, what if I win or no,
Most beautiful my days will always be
In tender faith between us all the way!”

ALCHEMY

A FRIEND to share our pleasures, our happiness
and dreams,

To fare the road beside us o'er meadow-lands
and streams,

To joy with us in every new gladness and de-
light,

O then the world is happy and everything is
bright!

A friend to share our sorrows and lighten all
our care,

To lure the golden sunshine and make our world
all fair,

To give us strength in weakness and courage
through the strife,—

Not glory, fame or fortune, but friendship glad-
dens life.

It may be distance severs us from their sunny
smile

And yet in spirit with us they wander all the
while;

Through shining joy or error and blind mis-
chance they seem

The alchemy that touches life all to golden
dream.

ON THE HILLSIDE

SOME morning in summer at rising of sun,
Just leaving your commonplace duties undone,
For a few hours of rest to your soul fly away
To some favorite hillside at dawn of the day.
A note-book, a pencil, a volume of rhyme,
A watch to be able to measure the time,
An orange, a sandwich to stay you and then
You call to the collie to frolic again.

You haste to the pathway that winds to the
green,
The beautiful hillside, your favorite scene;
The great lofty trees arise, laughing and gay,
And O how the branches the summer winds
sway!
You catch the new songs of the birds as they
sing,

In the deeps of the coolness their joyousness
fling.

O yes, for an hour or two lay on the shelf
All save the keen joy of just knowing yourself!

Here now as I sit with this beauty around,
Methinks the true peace of my soul I have
found;

The oaks and the elms and the sycamore trees
Bear evidence quaintly of days such as these,
For carved on their boles are initial and name
Of long-ago children my fancy may claim.

O it may be the same clear-eyed mirth and sweet
rest

They knew, the identical joy of my breast!

I think I could sit here the whole summer day
To hear yonder tree-tops so musically sway
And then get acquainted here now at my ease
With the sweet summer fragrance and bright
melodies,

Just scribbling and giving my collie a pat,

Relaxing and lazily happy, all that—
And some day we'll come with the purpose to
stay
And lie in the shadows the whole summer day!

THE CALL OF THE WOODLAND

AH, once I thought it was the swaying grasses,
The sweet winds blowing music through the
reeds,
The songbirds voicing all their joyous creeds,
The blossoms blooming on the hillside passes
In rose and violet and golden masses,
The butterflies, the bubbling brook that
pleads,—
All these, I fancied, answered to my needs
As long ago to laughing lads and lasses!

But now I think it's something richer, deeper
That calls me to the woodland for my singing
And like the morning sun awakes the sleeper
Gives me new light and sets my soul a-wing-
ing:
It is the strength of trees to great heights reach-
ing,
It is their hope and faith for my sweet teaching.

A TOKEN OF MY LOVE

I HAVE a bed of roses
That bloom alone for you
And though I may not send them,
A token of the true,
The tender love I bear you,
From all their petals curled
I blow their fragrant sweetness
To you across the world.

The golden sun above them,
Of this there is a share
To make you gay and happy
And all your pathway fair.
The rains that wash their petals
Will wash your pain away,
Their beauty cheer and keep you
Forever and a day.

THE GYPSY POET BY THE BROOK

Out toward the Valley there's a place in summer where I love to go,
Sit by the brook and idly trace some vagrant letters in a row;
Behind the hill beside the road beneath those towering trees I dream
And sometimes o'er a little fire I cook beside the lilting stream.

Here it is O so beautiful! There are no words in which to tell
How lovely! I could reach and pull the grape-vines down to swing in. Well,
One day I thought of flowery fields and of that balmy, fragrant place,
Sheltered and green and so enclosed from sight of any human face.

I packed my lunch and took my books and set
out early in glad mirth.

“This is the fairest spot,” I thought, “God ever
set upon the earth!”

But when I reached my shelter green a gypsies’
caravan was there,

A gypsy boy stood by the fence, with laughing
eyes and curling hair.

I dallied on across the bridge as if I had no
interest in

Their camping place. A friendly tree I found,
my pleasure soon to win,

Up in a lane, but when the night was near I cut
across the stream

Another place and there he lay penning a little
idle dream.

A year went by. I said, “I’ll go once more to
that old favorite spot

And cool my face down in the stream”—it was
so warm and melting hot.

I stayed the morning, listened to the singing
birds, the babbling brook,
The humming bees; I laughed and sang and read
a little happy book.

But yonder sunshine grew so bright, beside a
moss-grown log I lay,
My parasol above my head, and dropped in
slumber quite away.
Ah me, its rose-wreath must have lured into
that little sheltering glen
His heart once more, for there he stood, that
dark-eyed gypsy lad again!

His gaze awoke me with a start. I glanced into
his face and fled,
Flew up the hillside path nor looked below or
heard the words he said,
Until at last the gate I reached, and there he
stood, my little book
Clasped in his hands. O still I see that gypsy
poet by the brook!

There's just enough of gypsy blood in me, I
think, to make me dream,
How would it be these golden days to idle by
a laughing stream
And follow Summer where she goes singing
across the valleys sweet,
Or strike the gypsy trail in fall, the autumn
leaves beneath my feet?

PERFECT DAYS

SUMMER in a northern clime
Where all's fresh and cool,
Jotting down a little rhyme
By a shady pool;
Songsters in the maple trees
Sing their roundelay,
O such simple joys as these
Make a perfect day!

Winter in a southern clime,
Here's the rose of joy.
Blossoms and a song, a rhyme
For the heart's employ;
Love and light and laughter, too,
Where the palm trees sway
And the skies are deeply blue,
What a perfect day!

LANE AND MEADOW

I LOVE to gather in the lanes
Wild roses and sweet clover,
But most of all I gather there
Fond thoughts of you, my lover.

I love to walk the meadows sweet,
Dance o'er their airy spaces
And stoop to gather by the streams
The little violet faces.

But wheresoe'er I go I find
One face, the brightest, clearest
That means the whole wide world to me
And that is yours, my dearest!

REMEMBER THIS

NOTHING goes but something lovelier's near
To take its place! In moments of distress,
Dear heart, remember this and it will bless
Thy way until life's gladness will appear
In largess and in bounty all the year.

Anticipate! Believe! And happiness
Shall come to thee and all sweet loveliness.
Strength to relieve be thine and joy sincere!

O miracles are on their way through faith!
Have we not proven, dear, that this is so?
What holds the future? Wonder, triumph,
bliss.

Dreams all come true and Sorrow's just a
wraith,
Dear friend, if we compose our hearts and
know
That lovingly He cares. Remember this!

“NEVER MIND, MY DEARIE”

WHEN little tads on summer days
Trip in the tangled grass and fall,
They fly to mother’s tender ways
And soon they do not care at all.

For “Never mind, my dearie,”
Her gentle voice will croon.

A tale she tells
Of fairy dells
Or frolics on the moon.

When older we have grown and meet
A loss or any little thing
That grieves, there still is glad and sweet
To make us smile and sing and sing.

For “Never mind, my dearie,”
A tender voice will say,

And then and there
The world's so fair
There's splendor all the way!

RED RASPBERRIES

RED raspberries fresh from the drooping vines,
And you may have your meed of royal fare;
For me their flavor is a thing that shines
With thoughts of youth and laughs away all
care.

They waft me back to happy childhood days,
To memories of father long ago
In happy hours that know my sweetest praise,—
We gathered them together, row by row.

O, I was just a merry little maid
There with my dolly underneath my arm!
At picking berries like a game I played
That held for me a sunny, elfin charm.

Red raspberries and thick, rich cream, ah me,
What banquet could be finer in the land?
O father mine, let's wander happily,
As long ago, to seek them, hand in hand!

IT CAN'T BE ALWAYS SUMMER

It can't be always summer
In a land of northern clime
Nor can meadows green and fragrant
Beckon to us all the time;
The roses bloom in beauty
As they climb the cottage door
But it's only for a little
And their loveliness is o'er.

It can't be always summer,
But the memories that cling
And the beauty that refreshes
Which the true heart loves to sing,
Make eternally a season
Of pure sweetness and delight
And we know the cycle's swinging
To a summer just as bright.

It can't be always summer
In the joys that touch the soul,
Yet the memories that gladden
And the hope that keeps us whole!
For we smile in looking backward
To the pleasures we have had
And we sing to dream of deeper
Loveliness to make us glad.

O I HAVE WONDERED

O, I HAVE wondered sometimes
If the dearest experience,
The highest dreams and wonder
Of earth's bright excellence
Are not to love unanswered,
To treasure as our best
An adoration lying
Deep hidden in the breast?

There's something almost holy
In such a love as this,
That knows no sweet confession
And never dreamed a kiss;
It's like the tender starlight
That shines upon a world
Of hidden bloom and fragrance
O'er meadows dew-impearled.

It's like the dawn impassioned
And still and white before
The splendor of the sunrise,
To love thus, to adore
Another heart in silence;
Too soon the wild birds sing
And make a laughing riot
Of all the dreaming spring.

WHAT WOULD YOUR LOVE MEAN

WHAT would your love mean?

This question I hear.

All the bright beauty

The world holds, my dear.

What would your love mean?

The touch of your hands?

Heart to heart, truly,

O love understands!

What would your love mean?

All earthly joys, then

Heaven descending

To gladden again.

ONE DAY'S ADVENTURING (To F. V. K)

One day's adventuring out where
The meadows and the fields are fair
With blossoms and the fronded fern,
But when it's evening home I turn.

One day's adventuring sometimes
Among the bookshops and sweet rhymes,
An hour or two for music, then
It's home I long for once again.

One day's adventuring, ah yes,
It brings me joy and happiness,
But when the twilight settles down
It's home I want and my home town!

One day's adventuring to see
Old friends who mean so much to me,
But when it's night I long to hold
A little boy with hair of gold.

One day's adventuring and then
Back to the one I love again;
Sweet welcome! Kisses! Laughing eyes!
We three and home — that's paradise!

One day's adventuring, indeed,
Brings riches to my sunny creed
Of light and joy for every soul
To make him glad and keep him whole.

One day's adventuring, one day,
Out where the sunbeams laugh and play
Among dear friends where I would roam
But when it's evening, take me home!

ROCK-A-BYE

LITTLE sonny in my arms,
O how beautiful the charms
God has given you, your eyes
Bluer than the summer skies,
Lips of coral, wreathed in smiles —
Ah, they'd lure me miles and miles !

Cheeks like petals of the rose
In the twilight's sweet repose,
Golden hair in ringlets curled,
Dearest heart in all the world.
Little hands, hands just like mine,
Lead me all the way divine !

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

THERE's a dear old-fashioned garden
That I pass by every day
Where the yellow roses blossom
And the dancing shadows play;
There the sunlight is the brightest
And the lilies fairest yet,
In that dear old-fashioned garden
That I never can forget.

There's a little laughing fountain
In the shadows dim and cool
Where all day the birds are warbling
And they're dipping in the pool;
There the water trickles over
Little pebbly stones and goes
Down the way of water-lilies
To call on the rambler rose.

O, it long has been my fancy
That the dreams of all the world
Have been fostered in the garden,
Here with joy have been impearled,—
For the dearest, little laddie,
Though he's only three and three,
Is the dream that makes me happy
And he's waiting there for me!

LIGHT AND SHADOW

THERE is light at the break of the morning
And, mingled with hope of the day,
Its rose and bright silver and turquoise
Drive all the dark shadows away.

There is light in the blossom unfolding
Its beauty for lovers to see,
In the radiant stars that are beaming
Their loveliness down upon me.

But the light in the face of my darling,
His memoried smile all the day,
Is brighter, more lasting and lovely
And drives all the shadows away!

REALITY OF DREAM

THERE are roses in my garden, though they may
be fast asleep,

And the vines of ivy climbing o'er the walls
about me creep

In a tenderness protecting, though to others
they might seem

Bleak and bare — to me they're lovely in reality
of dream.

There are lilac trees in blossom in the sunshine
bright and warm,

Though perhaps you'd not behold them in the
raging of the storm,

And the arbor where the grapes lie, heavy, pur-
ple, waiting me,

Is a thing of beauty; truly, which perhaps but I
could see.

O, it isn't absolutely necessary to know here
Just the very actual presence of some loveliness
 most dear,
For in dreams 'twill come to beauty, naturally
 then to flower,
Budding, blooming, bearing sweetly in life's
 own beloved hour.
So the dreams we all may fashion in reality are
 true,
Just as gardens will be blooming and the skies
 the deepest blue ;
We have only to keep trusting, planning, striv-
 ing to that end,
And we reach the goal we long for in a little
 while, my friend !

MOTHER'S BLESSING

(FOR VICTOR)

O LITTLE son, you whom I love
Above all else in this wide world,
Your babyhood I'm dreaming of,
Your golden ringlets tightly curled ;
And then there came the day when these,
The curls I loved, grown long and fair,
Were lost, to saddest melodies,
The day they cut my baby's hair.

But O so beautiful your head
Looked then to me that all the tears
Which in my anguish I had shed
Were dried, as oft the daylight clears
Beyond the rain. Well, soon to school
You proudly went and once again,
In losing to that splendid rule,
I had to know my hour of pain,

But all your baby tricks and wiles
That charmed me in that early time,
Your baby prattle and your smiles
Are in the picture and the rhyme;
Endearing hours, enchantment sweet
And love and laughter all in one.
Ah, babyhood is all too fleet
And vanished, nearly, ere begun!

How beautiful are all these years
Now of your boyhood, glad and fine!
I know no grief or pain or tears,
This is the hour of joy divine;
This month you will be ten years old,
How can it be my tiny one
With all his clustering curls of gold
You are, my splendid little son?

What fascinating hours of play
You know from morning until night,
With every day a happy day
Filled with its change and rare delight!
The books you read, your artful talk

As side by side, good comrades, we
Go out for just a little walk,
The plans you fashion hopefully!

O, I shall know a mother's pride
With every year that passes on
And we will dream here side by side
And joy in all your honors won.
True, I may know again a day
Of sorrow when you leave me here
But I shall have our dreams alway,
God knows that they have been most dear!

No world so wide, no path so long
We cannot find each other's smile
And life will be "one grand, sweet song,"
Whatever fate the afterwhile
Shall hold for us, O heart of mine,
Of joy or sorrow, honor, praise.
May mother's love, a blessing shine
To make you happy all your days!

THROUGH ME THY MUSIC

God, break me like a wind-tossed reed
And with Thy fragrant breath
Blow through me to a heart in need
Until it tarryeth
Within the realm of blessedness
Thy children find each day
In this bright world of happiness.
Through me Thy music — pray!

THANK GOD FOR YOU, MY DEAR

THANK God for you, my dear! Thank God for
you,

For you have made me happy as a queen
In that you love me and so kind have been
That every day my skies are clear and blue.

Thank God for you, my dear! Thank God,
indeed,

Your loving presence fills my heart with joy
Which nothing in the world can e'er destroy.
He gave you to me in my hour of need.

Thank God for you, my dear! Thank God, I say.
Consider, did He ever send a friend
So wonderful, beginning unto end,
As you have been to me the long, long way?

Thank God for you, my dear, and may I bring
Something as sweet to you in love's return!
Your every hope, a candle bright to burn,
Be granted,— in your heart Eternal Spring.

NOCTURNE

THE wind all day was crying out your name
And with the night came tears.

I had not known how beautiful a flame
All — all these years —

Had burned within my heart until at length
The mingled tears and rain
Put out the last bright ember of my strength.
Life! Love! How vain!

REST THEE IN THIS TENDER WORD

Be still and know that God is Love
And Love like His can never fail.
In all that thou art hoping for,
Through summer shine or wintry gale,
Remember, He is guarding thee
From some bright, beautiful Above
And He will give thee strength through all.
Be still and know that God is Love.

Be still and know that God is Love.
No sorrow can come nigh to grieve
Thy heart for long. O keep thy faith
And faith in turn thou shalt receive!
Through all the day a charm will seem
To touch thee, all thou dreamest of;
New hope will shine to make thee glad,
Be still and know that God is Love.

Be still and know that God is Love.

Let go and rouse thee from despair

For thou shalt find true happiness

In His sustainment sweet and care;

Lift up thy face to perfect joy,

Go forth thy splendid soul to prove.

O rest thee in this tender word,

Be still and know that God is Love!

WALLED-IN GARDENS

O DON'T you love the dear, old-fashioned gardens

Where fleur-de-lis and valley lilies bloom,
The gardens where the roses all are budding
And soon will be so sweet with their perfume?

How like a snowdrift yonder the spirea,
Those great old bushes bending down in white!

The peonies are opening in glory
And ready now to cheer us in delight.

Or what could be much lovelier than lilacs,
These Persian beauties, royal as a queen?
The daffodils are always bright and jaunty
And add their charm and color to the scene.

But sweeter yet the dear old-fashioned ladies
Who smile and tell you all about each flower;
Who helped them plant the vines, the blooming
hedge-rows,
The happy days they knew there, hour in
hour.

O don't you love the gay old-fashioned gardens,
Walled-in and fragrant, radiant and fair,
But most of all the dear, beloved faces
One dreams of, walking in the silence there?

A FRIEND'S ETERNAL JOY

Friendship—“It is for aid and comfort through all the passages of life and death.”

—Emerson.

How happy am I that my friendships mean
Something eternal, not a transient hour
Of rapture and pure joy how sweet and clean
Then soon neglected and devoid of power
Of inspiration and of kindness here!

A friend, to me, means so much more than
this,
Shrine of my endless pleasure, hope sincere,
Light of my soul, creator of my bliss.

Dear, when I take you to my heart, 'tis not
A whim, a frail fond fancy unto me,
Enchantment gay and soon to be forgot,
A little roseleaf of my memory.

I do not count my friends a trifling joy
But something holy, meant for worship sweet
And worthy of a love naught can destroy,
Not fascination merely, bright and fleet.

A true friend never could I put away
With just a handclasp and a greeting glad,
I want to feel him in my heart today,
Cherished and loved, else were my spirit
sad —
Too sad for singing — and each passing year
I want to love him more and make him see
Though I, too, prize the world, its mirth and
cheer,
He is the sun eternally to me.

THE LOVER SINGS

You are the sunshine of my happy day,
Warming my heart in all your tender love,
A joy of which I'd never have enough
Were I to tread the flowery, fragrant way
To far eternity. Where planets sway
In yon, deep, darkling blue there high above,
You are the moon at eve for dreaming of,
The starlight, too, in all its soft array.

Each hour seems like a miracle to me,
So much it holds of worship and of mirth,
Devotion such as lovers never knew!
From early dawn to twilight's mystery
Your beauteous charm it is that lights the
earth, —
The night is heavenly for love of you.

TRIBUTE

I want to say that you have been to me
So beautiful an influence each day
Of my whole life since first you came my way
For me to honor, never can there be
That stretch of lonely hours, but vividly
I find life's color with its song and play,
Its earnest reaches beyond all the grey
And I smile on so much more happily.

Rich hope I find in each glimpse of your face.
I look to see its radiance, somehow
In just that flash I am uplifted, friend;
The world's not quite the same, it has new
grace,
New loveliness and beauty, this I vow,
And so I hope it will be till the end.

HIGH LIGHTS

WE never see a clouded sky
Without some silver in it;
Through every day that passes by
There's many a golden minute.

No sorrow but has beauty, too,
Upon the canvas painted—
Nor any hour we're passing through
That is not sweet and sainted.

THE SONNETS OF ROSSETTI

At last I found the beauty I had sought
Within the pages of an olden book
Where, lying at full length beside the brook

Amid that lovely silence, though I caught
The faintest bird-songs, I had laughed to naught
My doubts and fears. Only a glance, a look—
All heaven opened in that little nook

And I was lost in wonder of sweet thought.
What wealth the poet down the ages sent
In sonnet after sonnet, gleaming gold !

How rich was I ! How blue the sky above !

Homeward at last, enchanted, on I went
For life had blossomed, aye, a thousand fold
More beautiful, and I—I walked with
Love.

SONNET
TO THE MEMORY OF MOTHER

WHAT is there lovely, beautiful enough
To say in praise of thee, O mother dear,
And all we knew together year in year
Attuned to thy most deep and tender love,
Thy fond devotion? I am dreaming of
The songs, rocked at thy breast, I oft would
hear
Thee sing at twilight and of thy sincere
Enjoyment of earth's beauty—Heaven's above.

Thy flowers still bloom, thy paintings on the
wall
Grow lovelier for these can never die,
These soft pastels that breathe thy spirit
sweet;
Thy books, thy letters dearer now than all
Are brightly filled with endless melody.
How can I wait until we two shall meet?

THE END

AH, brother, unto thee my final tribute
Of pure devotion as we fare our way
Toward heights of which we dream in tender
longing—

Here is my thought of thee from day to day.

A smile upon thy face, go forward bravely,
A dream within thy artist soul, O climb
Toward immortality o'er mountains lofty
Until thou reach at last the Truth Sublime!

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